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THE UNCONFINED.

THE Confined, and the reasons for their being so, are familiar ideas. Every one must be aware that there are many others, who, with many of the peculiarities which give a title to confinement, yet are allowed to go at large. These individuals constitute a large class, upon which, from their being chiefly characterised by a negative, it may be proper to bestow the general appellation of the Unconfined. Few can be totally unacquainted with this great and important body. They are of both sexes, and generally a female specimen is a much more distressing visitation than a male. They are of all ranks, but those who wear tolerable clothing, and have the manners of gentlefolk, are by far the most afflicting. The reason in both cases is, that, to be truly grievous, the Unconfined must be of such a general aspect and character as to make politeness imperative. What George Canning is reported by Sir Walter Scott to have remarked of the common bore, is equally applicable to the Unconfined, namely, that, to be efficient, he must have something respectable about him, as otherwise no one would allow him to exercise his vocation. The plain truth is, bores, and their exaggerated counterparts, the Unconfined, exist in those capacities, entirely by virtue of the courtesy which governs the gentle world. If they wore clothes which made them only "men" and "females," or if they could be presumed in any respect dangerous, the Unconfined might be got quit of in double-quick time. Unfortunately they come in shapes which entitle them to the usual deference and forbearance; and hence, through a mere habit of society, their potency in annoyance is unlimited, or limited solely by their own good pleasure.

The Unconfined are of various classes, as the Litigant, the Literary, the Projecting, and so forth. The Litigant class is composed of individuals having all sorts of rights in the course of being either pursued or defended. Sometimes it is a man whom Fortune originally intended to spend his whole life in decent industry and modest peace as a shoemaker or saddler, but whom she afterwards maliciously afflicted by opening up to him some visionary prospect of succeeding to a certain dormant or forfeited title. Possessed by this idea, and with sails inflated by the breath of his humble compeers, off he sets for the seat of law, to inquire into, and, if possible, prosecute, what he considers as his right. He can show that he bears the same name, or that his mother did, with the family whose title is in abeyance; and he has a tradition that his grandfather's grandfather's father was a gentlemanly sort of person, who came in a mysterious way to his native village, and settled there. Upon the strength of these circumstances, he assails half the solicitors and barristers of the seat of the courts, in order to get his case brought forward on the safe principle of no win no pay. As this man, however, though aiming at nobility, is not as yet a gentleman, he is easily dispatched by the lawyers, and it is only amongst good-natured people of his own order that his commission of botheration operates to any serious extent. The most alarming kind of Unconfined Litigant is one of the fair sex—a spectre enveloped in godly bonnet and shawl—who has become half crazed through the fancied ill-usage of some nephew or cousin, or who has been left by some country gentleman in a dubious condition with respect to an alleged marriage. The very wrong that these people represent themselves to have suffered, adds to their powers of annoyance, in as far as it helps to deprive their victim of all power of resistance. They generally come to the lawyer's door in the evening, probably from some instinctive fears as to the effect of their dress by day-

light. No gentleman can refuse to see a lady, to hand her a chair, and to put himself into a predicament to listen to her. These ceremonies being gone through, she has him dead. Her tale commences, and he can no more get free than the wedding-guest in the presence of the ancient mariner. He sees he is in for it, and has no alternative but to resign himself to his fate. After hearing till he is twice tired, he thinks he may perhaps break the spell by presenting objections. But this only provokes a larger measure of speech from his fair enslaver, as stones in a water-course appear to obstruct, only to increase, the volume of the flowing stream. He then changes his tactics, and sets himself to a breathless passive listening, in the hope that it will thus pass off the more quickly, and be the sooner exhausted. But the thing has a time for all that, and, only when it comes to its natural conclusion, is he in a posture even to attempt disenthraling himself. In how delicately distressing a predicament is he then placed! To doubt or fear for the case, threatens him with more specifications of its merits—to express hope and sympathy, is equally dangerous. Well is it for him that he is a lawyer, for no other man could pilot his way through such a Scylla-and-Charybdis-like affair. At length, by an exertion of professional ingenuity, he contrives to see the vision of shawl and bonnet politely out of his portals, and returns to his interrupted tasks and studies, half frantic with vexation, and nearly worried out of all spirit for the evening.

The Literary Unconfined are a numerous class, and one with which I have had much to do. The first I can recollect was an old clergyman, who had been superannuated from his easy duty as a preacher, only to busy his brains with poetry. The poorest stuff of the weak age between Pope and Cowper was talent itself compared to the effusions of this veteran; but, in his own conceit, he had hitherto been a silent Dryden, and it was only now that he had discovered his proper line of action. Well attired, a clergyman, and old, he possessed immense powers of infliction; and as I happened to be then young and simple, it may be imagined that I had correspondingly small powers of resistance. The appearance of his small pinched manuscripts, the humming sound of his meaningless verse, and the bad breath which he uttered along with it—the very *feel* of the finger with which he anchored himself to my unfortunate body by a certain button-hole—remain imperishable in my memory. He ultimately published, and I have to this day some self-accusing recollections of a too lenient criticism which he induced me to scribble with reference to his work in a newspaper. Another Unconfined litterateur of my acquaintance was a young bookseller, who spent the whole day in a keen pursuit of money behind his counter, and nearly the whole night, I believe, in pouring forth prose and verse. One other thing occupied him—the publishing of his compositions. There was not a journalist of any kind in the country with whom he had not established a civil acquaintance, and whom he did not assail with his contributions. Literary matter flowed from him like something from a mill. He issued it in all forms; and not the least annoyance to which he subjected his journalist friends, consisted in sending them, every few months, some good-looking volume of thin mediocre writing, which they were condemned to notice in their papers in at least such terms as would not offend him. A furor so great of course soon exhausted itself. He died early of consumption, and in such circumstances as might have been expected to excite a pitying feeling in those who had known him. Yet I have heard a journalist of some eminence, and also of much benevolence of nature, declare, that he

could not help experiencing a sensation of something like pleasure when he heard of the event—it relieved him from so much annoyance. Perhaps a less kind-hearted man would not have felt thus; but the easy and yielding nature of the gentleman in question had exposed him so peculiarly to the inflictions of this rabid author, that, whatever his second feeling might be, certainly the first was what has been stated.

It would be difficult to convey to the uninitiated an adequate idea of the general characteristics of the Literary Unconfined. The shapes they take are so various, that no general description will hit them. I recollect, in earliest youth, hearing of a specimen of the class, a poor unbeneficed licentiate, who for several years had lived chiefly by going about the country, taking in subscriptions for a book, by himself, on Angling. He lived in the same way for many subsequent years. One day, not long ago, a quarter of a century having elapsed since I first heard of this poor man, I was inspecting one of the city workhouses, when, seeing a ghastly face presented above a sorry coverlet from one of a long line of beds, and expressing some interest in the unfortunate being to whom it belonged, I learned that the poor lunatic, noted so long before for his promised work on angling, had arrived, all his plans unaccomplished, in this den of the miserable, where he was just dying. Another person of much the same character came to our city a few years ago, and for some months amused the public by a series of pamphlets containing proposals for improving it. A ploughshare does not go more easily through a yielding soil than the imagination of this strange wight went through our oldest streets and most stubborn eminences. To open up a new thoroughfare here, cut down a hill there, and throw over a bridge in another place, were nothing to him. If he had had his will, scarcely one stone of the town would have been left upon another. It is very common to find a member of the Unconfined possessed with some extraordinary doctrine in political economy, which he believes to be that upon which the prosperity of this mighty empire entirely depends, and which he does nothing but expound. There is not a statesman of the least note who has not had visitations of him, either in person or by correspondence, on the subject of this all-important principle. It is perhaps one of those subjects, as the Currency, or the Rate of Exchange, or the Colonial Interest, which only two or three bald middle-aged men out of the whole British population understand. He has published ten pamphlets about it, and treated it in every newspaper that he could find access to; and yet no more than the two or three bald men know any thing about it to this day. He is a sane worthy man in every other respect; but such is the dread he has inspired by his overflowings on this subject, that he is universally avoided. I can conceive a man thus possessed going on till he does not retain a single friend to attend him in his last moments, and men do not even attend his funeral without fear and trembling. Sane literary men, especially if they have risen to any eminence, and the whole generation of publishers, are greatly troubled with these invalids. There seems to be, amongst the whole tribe of the Unconfined, a notion that one who has written successfully must possess some secret for making the writings of all other men successful. All Bedlam or Parnassus accordingly seems let out upon him. One accustomed to disappointment, and who has had his manuscript for years beside him, will perhaps take little vexation at finding that nothing can be done for him in the way of publishing, if he can only be permitted to leave the package for a night—even a partial audience from one person is something to such

a hopeless author. These men indeed bear some resemblance to the Vanderdecken of maritime fable. If they cannot get their letters sent home, even to be allowed to lay them on the deck of a vessel moving thither, is a gratification.

The main cause, as has been said, of the annoying power of the Unconfined, is, that they require to be treated respectfully, and allowed to run their course. A publisher, who had suffered much from the Literary Unconfined, resolved, on one occasion, to break through this practice, by way of experiment. A genteelly dressed man had left a manuscript of original poems with him, and soon after came back to learn their fate, when, instead of the usual civil declination being given with a view to saving the poet's feelings, the following dialogue took place:—

"I have called, sir, to inquire respecting the poems which I left with you."

"Oh, yes, here they are," taking them from a desk, and laying them down before the owner.

"Well, what do you think of them—will they suit you?"

"I did not like them at all."

"Ah, I suppose you are not fond of serious poems; but I have plenty of comic ones, if you would take a look of them."

"No, no, I have no objection to serious poems; but I do not like these."

"Ah, perhaps the style and measure are not quite to your taste."

"Why, I have no objection to the style either. But I do not think them well done. They are not good poetry."

"Indeed! (blushing deeply, and evidently wishing he were twenty miles off.) I cannot imagine what you can see amiss in them. Here is a passage, for instance, which my friends say reminds them of Cowper. Perhaps you have not looked carefully into the manuscript?"

"Oh yes, I looked over every part of it; and I think I never saw such bad poetry in my life. It will not do at all."

The poet, quite chop-fallen, and ten times less fit for confinement than when he entered, instantly bundled up his manuscript, and left the shop. Might not a lesson be very allowably taken from this anecdote? The civility which the Unconfined every where meet with, perhaps only encourages them in their respective phrenzies: a little candour might awaken some of those less far gone, into a right state of mind.

COMMERCE OF THE INDIAN ARCHIPELAGO.

THE seas between the south-eastern point of Asia and the northern coast of the Australian continent, are studded with an extensive cluster of islands, usually called the Islands of the Indian Archipelago. The largest of these are Sumatra, Java, Borneo, the Moluccas, Celebes, besides a great many others of very considerable extent. In a commercial point of view, these islands are of the very highest importance to the civilised world, being rich in a thousand articles which have almost become necessities of life. Some account, therefore, of the isles of the Indian Archipelago, and of the state of commerce there, cannot fail to be interesting to many readers.

Borneo, the largest of these islands, is very little inferior in size to Great Britain. It is to a great extent in the hands of its various native tribes, who only partially cultivate the resources of their country. The Dutch, who have long ruled in this Archipelago, strove long in vain to form a settlement in Borneo, but succeeded at length, so late as 1823, in locating themselves on the west coast, at a place called Pontiana. Here they began to trade in gold, and diamonds, in which Borneo is extremely rich, but they were not able to carry their trade to any great extent. At the same time, the Dutch, by their jealous commercial restrictions, prevented others from trading with Borneo, so that the resources of the island remain in a great measure locked up, though it abounds in immense quantities of camphor, and other valuable articles, independent of its gold and diamonds.

Sumatra and Java, the two islands next in extent to Borneo, are colonial possessions of the Dutch. The principal Dutch settlement is Batavia, a city on the north-west coast of Java, and the oldest and largest port of trade in the Archipelago. The population of this city amounts to about 70,000, of whom a small number only are Europeans. The Dutch have settlements also on the coasts of Celebes, and various other islands of this large cluster, which are reckoned among the colonial possessions of the crown of Holland. These possessions have long given the Dutch a commercial monopoly in this quarter of the world, and they have

maintained it by the very worst of means. The staple products of the island of Java are rice, vegetable oils, tobacco, sugar, and coffee; indigo, cocoa, tea, and raw silk, are produced in lesser quantities. The other articles on which the commerce of Batavia rests, will be mentioned immediately, in making reference to the trade of Singapore.

Singapore is the centre-point of all the commerce which Britain possesses in the Indian Archipelago. When the Dutch oriental possessions, which had fallen into the hands of the British during the late war, were again yielded up to Holland at the close of that contest, Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles founded the colony of Singapore, in order to give his countrymen some stronghold and protection for their trade in these seas, against the aggressions and prohibitions of the Dutch. The situation for the settlement was well chosen. Singapore is an island, twenty-seven miles in length and fifteen in breadth, lying at the eastern extremity of the Straits of Malacca, or those straits which separate Sumatra from the Malayan peninsula, the southernmost corner of Asia. The island is a centre-point for the western and eastern maritime commerce of Asia, lying directly in the track of all ships passing in either of these directions. The town of Singapore stands on a river, partly navigable, and, by the census of 1833, contains 20,978 inhabitants, of whom only 119 are Europeans, while about 96 more are Indians of European blood. The rest of the population presents an excellent sample of the mixture of races which is to be found at every settlement in the Archipelago.

The town of Singapore is extremely pleasant in situation, and the climate, though hot, is healthy. The harbour cannot admit vessels of large burden, but the assistance of a number of convenient lighters, which are always in readiness, enables ships to load and unload, with scarcely any interruption, throughout the year. Whilst the able and public-spirited founder of the colony lived, the trade of Singapore throve with almost unprecedented rapidity. At his death, it fell off considerably, nor has it yet fully returned to its former prosperity. The island has little or no produce of its own to form a trade, and therefore the port has the character of a *dépôt*, for the collection and sale of the produce of other lands. From May 1835, to May 1836, the amount of the imports was 6,618,671 Spanish dollars. The exports within the same period amounted to 6,217,703 Spanish dollars. Imports and exports, taken together, amounted to nearly three millions sterling.

It is impossible to enumerate here even all the leading articles that compose the trade of Singapore; but the following list will show a few of the staple articles of eastern origin exported from the harbour in the year 1827-8, with the countries from which they were brought: Camphor, 10 cwt. from Malaya; coffee, 37,358 cwt. from Java and Sumatra; gold dust, 11,000 oz. from Borneo (chiefly); pepper, 44,672 cwt. from Sumatra; sago, 10,944 cwt. raised in Singapore; tin and other metals, 16,044 cwt. from Malaya (chiefly); sugar, 17,349 cwt. from Siam; rice, 86,820 cwt. from Malaya and Siam; salt, 54,683 cwt. from Siam; tea, 2640 chests, from various places; opium, 94,169 lbs. from Hindostan; and also iron, silk, mother-of-pearl, cocoa-nut, gamboge, spices (nutmegs, cloves, &c.), and various other articles in considerable quantities.

From the circumstance of its having no home produce (excepting sago), the articles of trade at Singapore cannot be rightly divided into exports and imports. The proper way, however, is to regard all articles of eastern origin as exports, and the productions of the west as imports. The goods carried from Britain to Singapore are principally cotton goods and cotton-twist (for Malay and Chinese consumption); woollens; Swedish and English iron and steel; hardware goods; earthenware; glassware; wines, spirits, and ales; cordage; guns and gunpowder; oilmen's stores and paints of every kind; rosin, tar, &c. &c. All these articles find a ready market at Singapore, whether the returns be sought in money, or in exchanges of goods from the natives of the Archipelago.

The most remarkable point connected with the port of Singapore, is the freedom which it enjoys from all export and import duties. Neither anchorage, harbour, nor lighthouse dues of any kind, are levied from traders, whatever their country or nation may be. The benefit of this is seen in the great concourse of traders to Singapore, from the other islands of the Archipelago. Small native vessels are continually in the harbour, their owners knowing that no expenses can be incurred, whether sales be favourable or not. And this exemption from duties holds out a very strong inducement to private enterprise of every description. Many a trader in Britain has spirit and means sufficient to freight a vessel for traffic in these distant seas, but he is at present deterred from embarking his capital in such enterprises, however ample may be the prospect of a return, by the consideration of the enormous imposts which would fall upon him in the various ports his vessel might touch at in her expedition. No burdens of this kind fall upon the merchant at

Singapore; though, unfortunately, from the distance of the island from Europe, vessels going from the one quarter to the other, cannot altogether escape these taxes upon commerce, as ports where they are exacted must be stopped at by the way. Still the exemption which the port of Singapore enjoys, is a great relief to traders, and nothing can better illustrate the foresight of Sir Thomas S. Raffles than his establishment of such a system.

The islands of the Indian Archipelago contain such immense commercial resources of various kinds, as makes it a mystery that British enterprise should not have been long ago more actively directed to this quarter. The unwarrantable restrictions imposed by the Dutch, to whom half these islands belong, explain why private trading should have failed, but do not explain why the British, as a nation, should have submitted to these drawbacks upon their commerce. Not only have the Dutch, in defiance of direct treaties, imposed exorbitant duties on the importation of British goods into their colonies, but they have also used their naval force incessantly in ruining our commerce with those islands over which they have no control, by capturing and destroying the trading vessels of the natives. This state of things cannot be remedied without the direct interference of Britain; and British commerce can never prosper in these seas until this state of things is altered.

The commercial rivalry of the Americans is another cause for the failure of British commerce in this quarter, and in thus rivalling us, the Americans read us a lesson. On this subject a late traveller (Mr Earle) thus speaks:—"The commercial rivalry of the Americans, however, is very different in its nature from that of the Dutch, and is carried on in a spirit worthy of an enterprising nation. As their commerce receives the greatest attention from their government, their rapid advances in the Archipelago may be easily accounted for. A political agent is constantly employed in visiting the various countries in Asia, and in making arrangements by which their merchants can carry on a traffic both with credit and advantage. The most insignificant native ports which are resorted to by the American merchant ships, are also frequently visited by their vessels of war, and any insult or aggression offered to American citizens is immediately resented. At the same time, the British flag is absolutely unprotected, and the merchants of Singapore are therefore deterred from carrying on trading speculations with the native ports. The consequence is, that the trade of those independent countries in the Archipelago which are so distant from Singapore that the natives are unable to bring their goods to that port in their own vessels, is now chiefly in the hands of the Americans. The west coast of Sumatra, for example, was formerly much resorted to by the British traders; but now, although numbers of American vessels annually visit the coast, only a solitary English ship is now and then to be met with at the northern pepper ports.

The Americans have laboured under great disadvantages in the Archipelago, from their possessing no settlements by which they could acquire a political influence, and from their having no manufactures of their own adapted to the market. The exertions of their government, however, have sufficed to counterbalance all these adverse circumstances, and it must therefore be evident that were equal attention bestowed by the British government on matters concerning the promotion of the welfare of British merchants, the latter would be enabled to trade with security, while the possession of manufactures in great demand, and a convenient settlement of our own at Singapore, would of necessity cause our commerce with the Archipelago to increase in a much greater ratio than that of the Americans."

The same traveller recommends another mode of benefiting our commerce in this rich Archipelago:—"The appointment of a single commissioner, who, possessing conciliating manners, a knowledge of the Malay language, and withal an interest in the subject, would gain the confidence and respect of the natives, and who might be employed in periodical visits to the native ports, would answer every purpose. No expense would be incurred by the government beyond the bare salary of the commissioner, as the British vessels of war on the Indian station, one of which is generally to be found at anchor in the harbour of Singapore, might be employed in conveying him to the various spots where his presence might be required. The peace and unity which this system would establish in the native states, would not only allow the inhabitants to turn greater attention to agriculture and commerce, but would also induce the industrious Chinese, who are now prevented by a dread of being plundered, to settle in them, and improve their resources. Even were no commissioner to be appointed, the native ports should now and then be visited by British vessels of war, were it merely to prove to the inhabitants that the reports which they may have heard respecting the possession by the British of a maritime force, were really not groundless."

Well as Singapore is calculated to be a centre-point for British commerce in the Archipelago, many of the eastern islands are too far distant from that port to partake in its advantages. For the commerce of these eastern isles, the writer already quoted strongly advises the establishment of a colony on the north coast of Australia, and the suggestion seems to be one well worthy of attention from the British government. We, however, refer those who are interested in this ques-

tion to Mr Earle's work on the Eastern Seas, which they will find exceedingly worthy of attention. From what he states, it appears that sales of cotton goods could be effected to an immense amount through the medium of Singapore alone, and with a very considerable profit. Perhaps these few observations may have the desired effect of attracting attention to the subject.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY, A STORY.

ONE winter evening, as the watchman on the Pont Neuf at Paris was going his rounds, he found a child, clad in the very extremity of ragged wretchedness, standing alone in a corner, and uttering low and scarcely articulate moans, while the tears fell fast from the poor creature's eyes, and his unprotected body shivered with the piercing cold of the night. As the boy seemed of an age to be able to tell so much, the guardian of the bridge demanded "Where his mother—where his home was?" The question was repeated again and again, but a continuation of the same low moans was the only reply. The interrogator began to shake the boy roughly, attributing his silence to peevishness or obstinacy, as the child's face, seen by the light of the lamp in the watchman's hand, disclosed no want of intelligence, or inability to comprehend the queries put to him. While this scene was passing, an elderly gentleman came up to the spot, and listened to the watchman's reiterated questions. The boy still gave no reply, and the watchman was about to take him away to the guard-house, when the gentleman cried, "Stop for an instant; give me the lamp." He then threw the light full on the boy's face, and repeated in a gentle tone the same inquiries that had been already made. The expression of the child's face satisfied the questioner. Turning to the watchman, the gentleman said, "The boy is deaf and dumb!"

The person who gave this decision, and whom the studies of a long life had well qualified to give it, was no other than the Abbé de l'Epee, a man not less distinguished for genius than for benevolence. The Abbé had at an early period of his life become convinced of the possibility of instructing to a certain extent the deaf and dumb—a task previously regarded as utterly hopeless—and he had subsequently applied the whole energies of his mind to the subject. His success had been great, and had won for him an honoured name among the benefactors of his species. Fortunate was it, indeed, for the poor boy of the Pont Neuf, that accident had brought the Abbé to the spot on the evening referred to. The watchman readily surrendered the child into the Abbé's hands, at the request of the latter, and on his promise to make all due inquiries for the parents, and to give up the young unfortunate, should they appear to claim him.

On taking the boy home with him, however, the Abbé de l'Epee soon adopted the opinion that his charge would never be claimed at his hands. He became convinced that the boy's unhappy defects had made him the victim of fraud and treachery. Many circumstances tended to lead the Abbé to this conclusion. He observed the boy, before the rags which he wore were taken from him, to look upon them with surprise and disgust; and his satisfaction and gratitude, when a better dress was put upon him, were obvious. Besides, the skin of young Armand (as the boy was named by his new protector) was as white as snow, when the impurities with which it seemed to have been intentionally daubed, were washed away. His look and bearing, also, were intelligent and noble, and served to confirm the Abbé in the impression that some foul play had caused the boy's exposure. By setting food of various qualities before him, moreover, the Abbé discovered readily that Armand had been accustomed to such nutriment as is only given to children in the highest and wealthiest ranks of life.

All the inquiries which the good de l'Epee set on foot in consequence of this conviction, and all the advertisements which he put into the public journals, failed in eliciting the slightest information relative to Armand's history. Meanwhile the boy gained daily on the affections of his benefactor. The Abbé's house had long been a school, or rather an asylum, for unfortunate of Armand's class, but none of all the pupils who had ever entered it, made such rapid progress as he did, in acquiring a command of those substitutes for speech and hearing which the genius of the teacher had invented. Not many years had passed away, ere Armand could converse by signs with the Abbé as readily as if the gift of speech had not been withheld. This great object effected, it was the Abbé's delight to store the opening mind of the youth with all the riches of learning and knowledge. Anxiously, also, did the priest watch, as Armand's intellect expanded, for any glimmering recollections of infancy which might lead to the elucidation of the mystery in which his early fortunes were involved. When questioned on this subject, all that the youth could remember was, that he had been brought a long journey before entering Paris. But the memories of other days existed, though in a dormant state, in the boy's mind, and only required favouring circumstances to call them forth. In one of the many walks which the Abbé was in the habit of taking with his young charge, they chanced to pass the courts of justice as one of the judges was getting out of his carriage. Armand instantly gave

a start of eager surprise, and informed his companion that a man, robed in ermine and purple like the judge, used to hold him in his arms long ago, and bathe his face with kisses and tears. This trait of remembrance struck the Abbé forcibly. He conjectured that Armand must be the son of a judge, and that that judge, from his dress, must have lived in some capital town, where superior courts were held. From the tears as well as kisses of which Armand had a recollection, his protector concluded that the mother of the boy must have been previously dead.

Other circumstances occurred, as Armand grew in years, which strongly excited the Abbé's hopes of one day being able to get justice done to the youth; for, that injustice had been done to him, the good priest felt deeply convinced. Passing on another occasion along the streets, Armand showed the strongest emotion at the sight of a funeral, and informed the Abbé that he remembered being led along the streets, dressed in a black cloak, and with a great crowd in attendance like that before him; and that, after that time, he had never seen the person in purple robes again. "Poor boy!" thought the Abbé, "thou art then an orphan, and some base relative has taken advantage of thy defects to rob thee of thy heritage!" At another time, Armand, in walking with his preceptor through the Barrière or entrance on the southern side of Paris, stood still, and gazed attentively at it. He then told the Abbé that this was the gate by which he had entered Paris, and that he remembered stopping here in a carriage, until some baggage was examined. In this carriage, he also recollected he had travelled with two persons for several days.

Meditating on these circumstances, the Abbé felt persuaded that Armand had been left an orphan in one of the cities of the south of France. Again did the benevolent de l'Epee conceive it his duty to make inquiries on the subject, by every channel he could think of, but the attempt was not more successful than formerly. Still the good priest was not disheartened. The conviction was firmly implanted in his mind, that a task had been assigned to him by heaven to execute, and that the endeavour to restore the youth to his rights would be ultimately crowned with success. The Abbé revolved long in his mind the best means of prosecuting this endeavour, and came to the conclusion that the only way was, to travel with Armand through the district to which suspicion pointed, in order to give him the chance of having his early recollections awakened by the sight of the place of his nativity. Weighty obstacles, however, stood in the way of the fulfilment of this scheme. A great part of the journey—and it might possibly be a very long one—would require to be performed on foot. Armand, now drawing to his eighteenth year, was not unfitted to sustain such fatigue, but his protector was far advanced in life, and, though in the enjoyment of good health, felt his strength little equal to the toil of such a search. But the desire within his breast to make the attempt, for the sake of his beloved pupil, was irrepressible. The journey to the south of France was resolved upon, and it was not long resolved upon ere it was begun.

A less generous heart than that of the Abbé de l'Epee would have quickly given way under the toils which this journey entailed, more particularly as these toils for a long time seemed to be fruitless. From town to town, and from city to city, did the travellers pass, without the slightest recognition of any of them on the part of Armand. But it was not so when the travellers, after a route of three months, entered the gates of Toulouse. At first, indeed, Armand seemed to view this city with the same absence of all emotion as he had viewed others; but on a sudden his indifference vanished. In passing a church, he made an instantaneous pause, as if an electric shock had passed through his frame; his eyes were bent eagerly on the church and its gates, and he signed with trembling hands to the Abbé that he recollected this place—that this was the place whither he had followed the funeral, formerly mentioned, of the judge. It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of joy and anxiety which sprang up in the old Abbé's mind at this discovery. As they continued their course along the streets, every striking object was recognised by Armand as a once familiar spectacle, and the Abbé's impression that his pupil's native city was found out, was confirmed beyond a doubt. If any doubt existed, it was soon removed. On entering a large square, Armand's recollections became more and more vivid; and, at last, when he came in front of an old and noble-looking mansion, he uttered a loud shriek, and fell back in the arms of his companion and friend.

It was some time before Armand recovered from the swoon into which the acuteness of his recollections had thrown him. When he recovered his consciousness, he informed the Abbé that this house was the place of his birth—that here he had been caressed by the judge—and that here he had dwelt, after the funeral, along with a child of his own age, of whom he retained the clearest and fondest remembrance. It was with difficulty that the aged priest could draw the youth from before the house, which he was most anxious to do, ere premature attention was excited on the part of those within. Armand, however, was too much accustomed to reverence the dictates of his preceptor, to refuse obedience to his wish that they should leave the spot. They made their way to a hotel, and there took up their abode for the time. The bosoms of both, it may well be imagined, were filled with emotion and gratitude to heaven for the prospects which this discovery held forth.

The first step which the Abbé de l'Epee took, after the occurrences related, was to make some inquiries into the character and history of the person who occupied the house that had excited such emotion in Armand. The result of these inquiries was decisive. The Abbé was informed that the house in question, usually called the Hotel de Harancourt, had once been the possession of Count de Harancourt, a person of wealth and a judge in the city of Toulouse; and that, a good many years back, the count had died, leaving an only son, to whom his wife had given birth a few years before, at the expense of her own life. That boy, Theodore de Harancourt, was

deaf and dumb, and the guardianship of him had been left to M. Arlemont, a maternal uncle. For a time, Theodore had remained in the Hotel de Harancourt at Toulouse, and was brought up along with a child nearly of his own age, an only daughter of Monsieur Arlemont. But M. Arlemont, having some business to transact at Paris, took the young Theodore with him to that city, accompanied by a single attendant; and in the capital, unfortunately, the boy died, as the medical certificates testified, which M. Arlemont brought back with him to Toulouse. That gentleman then succeeded to the property, according to the destination of the late count's will, and had continued in undisputed possession of it ever since.

Such was the substance of the information given to the Abbé de l'Epee, by the landlord of the inn where the good priest and his pupil had taken up their abode. Thoroughly satisfied that his charge was the heir of Harancourt, and that M. Arlemont was the cruel invader of his rights, the Abbé then looked around for legal countenance and advice, in the attempt to reinstate Armand (as we may still call the youth) in his rights. One man, M. Beauvoir, was spoken of to him, as having the character of being the most able and upright advocate in Toulouse. To M. Beauvoir, the Abbé accordingly went with Armand. It chanced, happily, that the advocate was an enlightened man, and one who took a deep interest in the humane pursuits to which the Abbé de l'Epee had devoted his life. When the latter, therefore, in commencing the narration of Armand's history, mentioned his own name, M. Beauvoir expressed the greatest pleasure at seeing a man whose character he had long held in honour. The Abbé then proceeded with his relation; and when he had put the whole story in a clear light before the advocate, it is hard to say whether astonishment or indignation at the conduct of Arlemont was uppermost in M. Beauvoir's mind. Of Armand's being the son and heir of the Count de Harancourt, he entertained not a doubt after what he had heard, and he readily pledged himself to lend all the aid in his power to procure the restitution of the youth's rights. As a proof of his willingness, he insisted and prevailed on the Abbé to come to his house with Armand, and make it their residence until the cause was investigated.

Let us now leave the Abbé and his young companion in the house of the advocate, and inquire if peace or happiness existed in the Hotel de Harancourt. Let our readers imagine to themselves a magnificent study redundant with every appliance which luxury could invent for the comfort of its possessor. But its possessor cannot enjoy comfort; since the hour when the thirst of wealth tempted him to expose his orphan nephew on the streets of Paris, M. Arlemont has known no comfort or peace of mind. Even the fond cares of his daughter Pauline, a lovely girl of eighteen, cannot quiet the demon of remorse. In her prattle she often speaks of her poor cousin, the old companion of her childhood, unaware that in doing so she stabs her father to the heart. Such had long been the state of things in the Hotel de Harancourt, and such was their condition at the time when the scene took place which we are about to describe.

M. Arlemont was seated in his study, when a servant announced the names of the Abbé de l'Epee, and of M. Beauvoir. The reputation of de l'Epee, as the instructor of the deaf and dumb, was well known to Arlemont; and the re-appearance of Theodore to claim his rights—a thing alternately dreaded and hoped for by the conscience-stricken uncle—at once struck his mind as being indicated by the Abbé's visit. Arlemont grew pale with agitation at the thought of detection and exposure, and he could scarcely summon confidence to meet his visitors. When they entered, he endeavoured to cover his emotion under an appearance of haughtiness. He demanded the cause of their visit. The venerable de l'Epee stepped forward, and with the calm simplicity which was natural to him, demanded restitution of the possessions cruelly and wickedly taken by M. Arlemont from the heir of Count de Harancourt. All his fears confirmed by the address, Arlemont could only stammer out a brief denial of Theodore's being in life. "He is in life," exclaimed the Abbé, "and has returned, by the blessing of heaven, to claim his own." The Abbé then stated the circumstance of the youth having been so long under his charge, and again warned Arlemont of the shameful exposure that would inevitably ensue, if justice were not readily and voluntarily done. Arlemont, however, had recovered, in part, his presence of mind; and although his good genius "struggled hard" within him for the ascendancy, again he denied the existence of the son of Count de Harancourt. He was, moreover, in the act of ordering his visitors to quit his house, when the door of the room was suddenly opened, and a servant of the house, with pale and agitated looks, rushed into the presence of Arlemont and his visitors. "He is come!—he is come!" exclaimed the servant, addressing M. Arlemont; "he is come from the grave to punish us for our cruelty!" "Here," continued the man, pulling some papers from his pocket, and throwing them at his master's feet, "here is the vile price for which I sold my soul! I have seen him—he is at the door—he waits to punish us!" In saying these words, the man fell down on the floor in strong convulsions.

The Abbé de l'Epee hastened to assist the poor wretch, saying at the same time to M. Beauvoir, "This is the associate in the act; he has seen our young friend waiting outside for us. Bring him hither." M. Arlemont scarcely heard these words. He sat on his chair dumb with dismay and horror at his servant's mysterious and ominous language. M. Beauvoir was not long in bringing Armand into the apartment. As soon as Arlemont beheld the youth, he exclaimed, "It is he! it is he!" and buried his face in his hands, as if to hide his victim from his sight. But, in a few moments, actuated seemingly by an uncontrollable impulse, Arlemont rose, and threw himself at the youth's feet, holding up his hands at the same time, as if entreating for pardon. The noble boy, though at first he shrunk from the sight of one who had injured him so much, soon showed that he comprehended the newly awakened feelings of his relative, and endeavoured to raise him, directing de l'Epee at the same time

by signs to announce to Arlemon his forgiveness of all that had passed. To the servant, also, who had recovered his consciousness, and who also knelt in an agony of remorse at Arlemon's feet, the Abbé spoke words of pardon at the request of his young and generous friend.

The first oppressiveness of shame once in some measure over, M. Arlemon confessed all, and professed his readiness to make restitution of what he had so fraudulently taken, and to depart from the abode which was not his own. From the shame of further exposure, the generosity of Theodore (as we may now name Arlemon) saved his erring uncle; for the youth pledged all those who were cognisant of the truth to silence. This was the spontaneous act of Theodore, and the magnanimity of it rewarded de l'Espee for all his labours. But, in the young de Harancourt's mind, other causes besides those that were obvious and superficial, were at work to prompt him to this conduct. He remembered too vividly the playmate of his childhood—the daughter of his uncle—not to have regard to her feelings. The meeting of the cousins was deeply affecting. Pauline, informed that Theodore was still alive, without being shocked with the tale of her father's guilt, was led to M. Beauvoir's to meet her cousin, with the consent of her father, on the second day after the disclosure had taken place. Each of the cousins at once recognised the other, and, alike unsophisticated in their feelings, they expressed, by the most affectionate embraces, their delight at a reunion so long un hoped for in this world.

This history is nearly concluded. So deep was the contrition evinced by M. Arlemon, that the Abbé de l'Espee, ere he returned again to his noble labours in the cause of humanity, consented that Arlemon should continue in charge of Theodore's possessions, under the superintending eye of M. Beauvoir, who was appointed the young de Harancourt's actual guardian. Perhaps the strong affection which the Abbé beheld the daughter of Arlemon and Theodore evince for each other, was partly the cause of his consenting to this arrangement. In no point was the good Abbé deceived in his hopes for the future destiny of his former charge. The penitent Arlemon did not long survive the re-appearance of the wronged heir of Harancourt, but he continued till the end faithful to that better course to which he had returned. And within but a few years after the Abbé de l'Espee had gone back to Paris to resume his charitable and glorious career, Theodore and Pauline were united, the noble qualities of the former wiping away from the mind of the daughter of Arlemon all sense of the deficiencies with which he was afflicted. These deficiencies, indeed, neither obscured his intellect, nor could they conceal his virtues.*

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

THIS unfortunate poet—a fair specimen, in his conduct and fate, of the miserable men who depended upon letters in the last age—was born at Shipbourne in Kent, in 1722, being the son of a gentleman of small property, who acted as steward to Lord Barnard, afterwards Earl of Darlington. Being born prematurely, he was of a weakly frame of body, and required, during a part of his early life, to be supported by cordials. His intellect was, however, developed very early, and he is said to have "proved, when he was only four years old, by an extempore effusion, that even then he had a relish for verse, and an ear for numbers." At school he was distinguished by his superiority in poetical exercises, Latin as well as English.

Entering at Pembroke College, Cambridge, in his seventeenth year, he soon acquired celebrity as a poet and wit; and, according to a vicious system of that day, which ruined many men of talent, it became a custom for strangers, as well as friends, to invite him to taverns, that he might gratify a vulgar curiosity by displaying himself and his talents, and that his entertainers might be able to boast of having been in his company. In such circumstances, the progress of study could not be equable. The practice was also fatal to his pecuniary resources, for his pride was such, that he could not accept of treats, without giving treats in return, and he thus became involved in difficulties from which he never afterwards got free. He nevertheless, while still under twenty, produced many Latin poems of extraordinary beauty, and passed, with success, the severe examination necessary for obtaining an university scholarship. A masterly translation of Pope's Essay on Criticism into Latin verse, procured him some notice from that poet, now drawing near the close of his career, and he had once the honour to be entertained in the celebrated villa at Twickenham. Ultimately, he attained a fellowship in Pembroke Hall—an honour accompanied, as is generally known, by

* The incidents upon which this story is founded are well known in France, where they occurred. A number of years ago, they afforded the foundation of a drama to a German author, and since that period have been narrated by more than one writer in France and elsewhere. Under the impression, however, that the interest of the story would be still fresh to a majority of the readers of the Journal, the incidents have now been thrown into a new form, and one which, it is hoped, will make the narrative more pleasing, while, at the same time, the leading facts are given as they really occurred.

the means of subsistence—and took the degree of Master of Arts.

Smart resided seven years at the college as a fellow, during which time he wrote a variety of poetical pieces of no great importance, some of which found their way into print. One was a mock-tragedy, in which the Princess Perriwinkle was made to compare a struggle of pride, love, and reason, in her breast, and their alternate triumphs over each other, to the following series of circumstances:—

Thus when a barber and a collier fight,
The barber beats the luckless collier—white;
The dusty collier heaves his ponderous sack,
And, big with vengeance, beats the barber—black.
In comes the brick-dustman, with grime o'erspread,
And beats the collier and the barber—red;
Black, red, and white, in various clouds are toss'd,
And in the dust they raise, the combatants are lost.

In 1750, a lawsuit respecting the will of a Mr. Seaton having terminated in favour of the university, the first prize under that will, amounting to about thirty pounds, for a poem on some one of the attributes of the Supreme Being, was to be contended for. The subject of this year was the Eternity of the Supreme Being, and Smart was the victor. His genius was peculiarly fitted to shine in themes of this kind; for, if he had any character of mind in a more eminent degree than another, it was a power of soaring into the regions of the sublime and infinite. The four ensuing annual prizes were also gained by him.

While acquiring reputation as a poet, he was gradually becoming the prey of the most fatal habits. The debts he had incurred to vintners and college cooks proved the cause, in 1752, of his fellowship being sequestered; so that, having no patrimony to fall back upon, he was reduced to the necessity of commencing the life of an author by profession in London. The first metropolitan bookseller with whom he became acquainted, was Mr. Newbery, immortalised by Goldsmith as "the philanthropic bookseller in St Paul's Churchyard, who has written so many little books for children"—who called himself the friend of children, but who was "the friend of all mankind." Newbery was himself a man of some literary talent, but possessed the better qualities of benevolence and rectitude of principle. It is with an indescribable pleasure that we mention a particular fact to the honour of one, in favour of whom the author of the Vicar of Wakefield inspired us in life's earliest days with an almost filial interest—namely, that, in a time of commercial difficulty, occasioned by the march of the Highland army into England, he had it in his power to compound with his creditors at ten shillings in the pound, by which he would have gained L.1500, but rather chose to struggle on till the coming in of monies owing to him gave him the means of paying every body in full. Newbery became a kind and judicious patron to Smart, and if he failed in saving him from misery, it was only because the tendencies of the ill-starred poet were beyond all control. Very soon after his arrival in London, Smart married Miss Carnan, daughter of Mrs. Newbery by a former husband—a step probably not approved of by the worthy bookseller, as it only tended to increase difficulties which other imprudences had already made too great. Such, we are told, was the utter thoughtlessness of the poet, that he would sometimes invite company to dinner at his house, or lodgings, when no means appeared of providing a meal for his family.

His earlier publications call for little notice. He published a volume of poems, of which it can only be said that they are, in general, of that well-known and now little-esteemed character which belongs to the greater part of the verse of the eighteenth century. Odes there were on Good Nature, on Morning, &c.—complimentary verses to ladies on their birth-days—fables, such as the Blockhead and Beehive, Madam and the Magpie, and so forth—besides his Latin poems: loads of such verse may be found consigned to everlasting oblivion in Anderson's and Chalmers's collections of the English Poets. Smart also commenced, with Newbery, a magazine at threepence, under the title of the Old Woman's Magazine. A wretched scribbler named Hill was then one of the most conspicuous literary personages in town. He conducted a daily periodical, called the Inspector, alike destitute of wit and good manners. Having somehow given offence to this great potentate, Smart was assailed by him with a whole Inspector full of abuse and calumny. The consequence was the composition of the Hilliad, a satire resembling the Dunciad, in which Smart treated his antagonist with a degree of ridicule so bitter, and at the same time so fanciful in its form, that it is impossible, even at this day, to read it without amusement. But compositions of this kind are, after all, but a sorry employment for literary men, testifying as they do fully as much to the strength of their worse passions, as to the vigour of their talents, while it is obvious that no good can flow from them to mankind. It is questionable if even the Dunciad be entitled to exemption from this censure. Public justice requires no exposure of poor writing, for it sufficiently exposes itself; and a good writer appears but in a paltry light, when busying himself to convince the public of the inferiority of those who are already confessed to be his inferiors.

The well-known unversified translation of Horace by Smart, which is still a standard school-book, was published in 1756. Mr. Newbery was to give a hun-

dred pounds for it, and of this all but thirteen had been advanced in behalf of the translator's distressed family, before the work was completed. Smart is allowed to have displayed, in this task, a masterly command of his own language. In the same year, he is found uniting with one Rolt in bargaining named the Universal Visitor, for a third share of the profits, the other two-thirds going to the publisher! It may give an idea of the dismal necessities to which the professed authors of that age were sometimes reduced, that these two poor men engaged, by an instrument under their hands, "not to write for ninety-nine years to come in any other publication." Soon after it was started, Smart fell into a dangerous illness, accompanied by lunacy, from which he was recovered by Dr. James, the inventor of the still popular powders. The first use he made of regained strength and reason was to write a hymn to the Supreme Being, full of pious feeling and fine poetry. It is proper to observe, that this was no sudden or transient glow of devotion. Smart, amidst all his errors, was impressed with an abiding sense of those divine attributes which he had sung better than any man of his time. It is recorded of him that he wrote many passages of his religious poems on his knees.

When the reader knows these features of his character, he will not be surprised at the noble tone of the following verses:—

Ye strengthened limbs, forth to his altar move;
Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the enraptured lyre;
Ye heaven-directed eyes, overflow with love;
Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates break.
But to his endless glory, work, conceive, and speak.
Oh, Penitence, to Virtue near allied,
Thou canst new joys even to the blest impart;
The listening angels lay their harps aside,
To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heaven itself wears a more radiant face,
When Charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

There is also much affectionate feeling in some of the verses of his hymn, as when he says, in reference to his late and present condition,

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands
Appeared a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers, lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, to light;
I come, ye spotless sweets; I come, again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

The deep sense of his late situation, shown in these verses, was not sufficient to preserve him from a return to his former dissolute habits, or to give him greater prudence in the management of his affairs. For some time his life went on as before, a mixture of irregular exertion with irregular indulgence, until vicious excitements again deranged his mind. His disorder first showed itself in the form of a crazy devotion, but only, perhaps, because the most highly wrought of his faculties was the most apt to catch the scathing lightning of insanity. He used to fall down on his knees and say his prayers in the street, and other unusual places. He was then placed in confinement with a view to his recovery; but it would appear that the worst stage of his madness had not yet arrived. Johnson, who for some time, with his wonted kindness of disposition, supplied his place in writing for the Universal Visitor, was much in the way of seeing him about this time. Some one remarking to this benevolent friend that Smart was getting fat in his madness, probably for want of exercise, Johnson remarked, "Nay, he has partly as much exercise as he used to have, for he digs in the garden. Indeed, before his confinement, he used for exercise to walk to the alehouse; but he was carried back again. I did not think he ought to be shut up," added Johnson; "his infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted on people praying with him; and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any one else. Another charge was, that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it." Whatever may have been the degree of his lunacy, it lasted on this occasion two years. At one time he was denied the use of writing materials, probably from the mental excitement inseparable from composition. In these circumstances his enthusiastic piety found a singular means of expressing itself. With a key he imprinted on the wainscot of his apartment a magnificent lyric poem, in nearly a hundred stanzas, on the life and character of David.

This poem is one of the most remarkable ever written, whether we consider its strange history, or its intrinsic merits. It was published by Smart himself in 1763, but seems to have been sold to so small an extent that it very nearly became lost to literature. It has only been recovered and reprinted within the last few years, and is even yet unknown beyond a very limited circle. No poem of the eighteenth century makes any thing like an approach to it, in the high poetic quality of a majestic and sublime impressiveness. If written in actual madness, the mind of its author must have only been urged by insanity to efforts of which, in its sane moments, it was incapable. We can quote but a few stanzas; but the whole must be read, in order that the character of the poem may be fully appreciated.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Bliss man! the swiftness of the race,
The peril and the prize!

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought!
O'er meander strains supreme.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair,
Were as the lion and the bear
To his undaunted might.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel, without peer,
Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armour, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad,
Majestic was his joy.

His muse, bright angel of his verse,
Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
For all the pangs that rage;
Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
The more than Michael of his bloom,
The Abishag of his age.

He sang of God—the mighty source
Of all things—the stupendous force
On which all strength depends;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise,
Commences, reigns, and ends.

Sweet is the dew that falls betimes
And drops upon the leafy limes;
Sweet Hermon's fragrant air:
Sweet is the lily's silver bell,
And sweet the wakeful taper's smell,
That watch for early prayer.

Sweet the young nurse, with smile intense,
Which smiles o'er sleeping innocence;
Sweet when the lost arrive:
Sweet the musician's ardent beats,
While his vague mind's in quest of sweets,
The choicest flowers to hive.

Sweeter, in all the strains of love,
The language of thy turtle-dove,
Paired to thy swelling chord;
Sweeter with every grace endued,
The glory of thy gratitude,
Respired unto the Lord.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glide
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong through the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against his foes:
Strong the gyre-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide the enormous whale
Emerges, as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of prayer,
And far beneath the tide,
And in the seat to faith assigned
Where ask is have, and seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious the assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched out arm;
Glorious the enraptured main:

Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song when God's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar;
Glorious hosannah from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore:

Glorious—more glorious is the crown
Of him, that brought salvation down
By meekness, called thy son;
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now the matchless deed's achieved,
DETERMINED, DARED, AND DONE.

To reflect that these verses, that sound like the clang of some super-terrestrial trumpet, were composed in an asylum for the insane by a man who frequented taverns, and often wanted bread, presents human nature in such an attitude of wonderful contradictions as makes all common philosophy dumb.

On being liberated, he took a pleasant lodging bordering on St James's Park, where he busied himself with a new translation of the psalms into English verse, and a poetical translation of Horace. Meanwhile, his wife, loath to be a burden on her friends, was seeking, by some humble business, to support herself and her children in Dublin. In 1769, he is found taking advantage of a benefit which Garrick generously gave him at Drury Lane Theatre, on the first performance of the farce of the Guardian, a composition of the manager's own. For some years he struggled on in the career of a professed author, writing much, but realising little profit, and probably making far from a prudent use of what he did realise. He was at length thrown into the King's Bench Prison, in the rules of which he seems to have spent a considerable time. A letter of the author of the Song to David, addressed about this time to the Rev. Mr Jackson, contains the following passage: "Being upon the recovery from a fit of illness, and having nothing to eat, I beg you will lend me two or three shillings, which (God willing) I will return with many thanks, in two or three days." A life so unhappy could not be long protracted, and Smart died in May 1771, in the forty-ninth year of his age, after having experienced all the bitter woes of a literary life, penury, imprisonment, madness, hunger, despair.

One soothing circumstance attends the conclusion of his sad tale. His widow and two daughters were provided for by the benevolent Mr Newbery, who

surrendered to them a business he had established at Reading, in Berkshire, where, in 1795, they were living in comfort.

The only personal traits of the poet which have been preserved, are, that he was of small stature, and slovenly in his dress. He was much addicted to walking, and in the cloistered ambulatory of Pembroke Hall there used to be shown a path which his frequent feet had worn in it. A biographer has expressed a doubt of this fact, which has called from a writer in the Quarterly Review, the remark, that Smart resided in his college fourteen years, and that he (the reviewer) had seen "an apartment, in which the tiled floor was worn into a deep path by the feet of an imprisoned king, in no longer space of time."

MY TWO LODGINGS,

BEING A FRAGMENT OF THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A RECRUITING OFFICER.

I do not feel disposed to tell you how many years have elapsed since I was a young dashing ensign of seventeen, in a crack regiment of infantry. Suffice it to say, that although I am now a man of some experience in the world, and one who has, moreover, made some little noise in it, and who has perhaps done the state some service, and that too, I should hope, without a spot of dishonour, I have not half so great an opinion of my own importance, value, or consideration now, as I had when strutting about with a rich silver embroidered red coat, a cocked hat of formidable dimensions, with a feather of gigantic and most inconvenient altitude, leathern unmentionables, military boots up to my knees, and a long sword by my side. In the first place, I then thought that every woman's eye was turned upon me, as the heads of daisies and dent-de lions naturally turn towards the sun. And here, in truth, I had some little reasonable ground for my belief. I was, in reality, a tall and rather good-looking youth; and being a lad of some prospects, I was so smiled on by the girls, and so petted by their mammas, that it is by no means wonderful that I should have had a tolerably good opinion of myself in this respect. But whether I was equally correct in my estimation of the beauty of my mind, I shall leave the reader to judge from the facts. All my opinions were formed on those of some of the Nestors of our mess-table—by me deemed infallible oracles. Fortified by the corroborative approval of Captain Jones or Major Tomkins of ours, I was at all times prepared to hold every thing that I uttered as incontrovertible, and to look with very great contempt, not unmingled with pity, upon whatever might drop from men in coloured clothes, or *muffs*, as we used to call them. Even those whose brown wigs and huge gold spectacles betokened considerable advance in life, were considered by me as altogether unworthy of being listened to; and as I was a good-natured fellow, I never spared my own tongue in giving to all such, when I met them, all the instruction I could cram into them. This was differently taken according to the different nature of the individuals to whom it was administered. All were silenced by the loud and uninterrupted discharge of my battery; some stared in a manner which I did not think altogether unnatural, and which I attributed to wonder mingled with admiration; others smiled, as I thought, from the great gratification they experienced; whilst a third set would utter half-muttered *psaws* and *pishes*, as it very manifestly appeared to me, from the mortification they endured at finding themselves so much extinguished by the superiority of my intellect. Filled as I was with such convictions, however humbly I might have comported myself at the mess-table, in the awful presence of Colonel Clutterbuck and Major Tomkins, I no sooner felt myself seated at a private board, than I looked upon myself as the great focus of attraction, and the great dictator of the feast. The table might have been surrounded by dignitaries of the church—poets, philosophers, or judges of the land. In my eyes they were all as naught in comparison to myself, whom I believed to be naturally, and, as a matter of course, admitted by all to be, the greatest man among them. My logic, if I ever used any at that time, was this: all wisdom, as well as bravery, is centered in the British army; ours is beyond all question the finest corps in the service; if all officers are wiser as well as braver than all other men, so are the officers of ours wiser than all other officers; I being of ours, therefore, am wiser than all other officers who are not of ours; it therefore follows that I must be wiser than all men in all companies which

do not happen to be at the time illuminated by the superior radiance of those stars of ours, in whose presence even I am compelled to hide my head.

I do not mean to say that some of these vain and foolish fancies of mine were not rubbed out of me before my first suit of regimentals had become old enough to be hung on a peg, to be occasionally used for going on picket, or mounting guard on a rainy day. But there is no knowing how long the greater part of them might have adhered to me, had it not been for the circumstance of my having been one of a party sent from the regiment, which was then in Ireland, to recruit in Scotland. The party was commanded by a captain, and I was one of six subalterns who were under him. Our head-quarters were in Edinburgh, and the captain, with the sanction of the inspecting field-officer, distributed us through some of the nearer provincial towns. That which was kindly yielded to me by my comrades, was the chief town of my native county; so that, whilst my serjeant and party were stationed there, I took up my abode with my father in the ancient hall of my ancestors. Being an only child, my father, who was a widower, was overjoyed to have me with him again, and I was as happy as a prince. He accompanied me in my sports; he took an interest in all I did and said; he became as proud of ours as I was; my brother officers were freely invited to his house, hospitably received, and earnestly pressed to remain. This went on very well for a short time. By degrees, however, he came now and then to make remarks to me in private upon their unlettered ignorance. I had always been accustomed to venerate him and every thing that dropped from him; and when I saw that he could not help laughing at the grossness of their occasional malapropos, and that he put to flight my questioning regarding his doubts, by bringing forward hosts of written authorities, my faith in the Clutterbucks, the Tomkineses, and the Joneses, began to be shaken; and, like all rational sceptics, I took to inquiring for myself. I must pause here for a moment, however, to remind the reader, that the accomplished and well-informed officers of the army now-a-days are a very different class of men from those food-for-powder boys who filled the army list of my time; and having said this much, I may proceed.

By degrees I fell into a course of reading, which I pursued with more and more zeal every day. The only interruption to this was the occasional field or river sports, or other exercises which my bodily health required, and which my active spirit enjoyed. Now and then, to be sure, I was called on by professional duty to visit the county town, or the capital, and yet more frequently, perhaps, to give audience to my non-commissioned officers regarding the necessary business of the party. Such duties were in reality light enough, to be sure; but, light as they were, they became intolerably irksome to me when they occurred. Then they never failed to bring into my mind the reflection—very far from agreeable—that my present halcyon days of no parades, no guards, no pickets, no courts-martial, no disgusting exhibitions of raw and bleeding backed criminals, writhing under the unfeeling lash of the drummer's cat-o'-nine-tails, enough to sicken any gently-nurtured lad—the reflection, I say, that these my present days of quiet and study, must soon give way to an unceasing round of such duties, began most heartily to disturb my peace; nor could I always shake from my mind the conviction that I really was a most unprofitable bargain at that moment for his majesty George III. and the country which he governed. But my studies were always bringing me back to good humour with myself; I was fast getting useful knowledge; and I comforted myself with the thought, that, if I was of no great use at present, I might make not a whit the worse soldier by and bye, because I was somewhat better informed than my comrades. As these were before the days of active British warfare on the Continent, the idea of actual service might almost be said to be out of the question; and as to my uselessness as a recruiting officer, I felt comforted by the knowledge, that though, during the twelve months that had already passed away, I had not been lucky enough to secure a single recruit, my brother officers had not been greatly more successful; and I felt strong in this truth, which, in case of emergency, I was prepared to give to the inspecting field-officer the moment that he should remark upon my want of luck, "that in such an agricultural county as I was then stationed in, where labourers were getting at the time from half-a-crown to three shillings and sixpence a-day for working in the fields, it was not very likely that any one would be so foolish as to enlist to be shot at for a shilling a-day." "I see," said the inspecting field-officer, in answer to this argument, "I see, as you say, sir, that there is no chance of your doing any good here, so I shall change your quarters." I found that in my anxiety to exculpate myself, I had proved too much; and so I was compelled silently to submit to my fate.

I was now to be stationed in a very quiet, and what was then rather a dull, country town, which I had once found merry enough when our regiment was quartered there, but where there was now not a red coat but those of my party. Thither I proceeded therefore in the fly, a two-horse six-insided coach, that crawled like a caterpillar. My first care was to secure a lodging; and, full of a desire of privacy, and the prosecution of my studies, I avoided the more stirring parts of the town. I turned up my nose at all the seducing comforts of those rooms which were to be let in the mercantile mansions of the main street, which had been

* The authorities consulted in the above article are Dr Anderson's Life of Smart, in his edition of the Poets, the Gentleman's Magazine (various volumes), the Quarterly Review, vol. xi., and the Cabinet, or Selected Beauties of Literature, 1831, in which last work, the Song to David is reprinted entire. It is remarkable that Mr D'Israeli has overlooked Smart in his Calamities of Authors.

struggled for by our officers when the corps was there; and I sought a little frequented suburb, where, caught by the lone appearance of a tall ghostly-looking house, I hastened to survey its interior. There I found that my windows looked across a piece of water to the mouldering walls of one of the most interesting of our Scottish ruins. "Now," said I to myself, as I gazed with delight on the quiet landscape before me, "was there ever a spot more admirably adapted for study? How peacefully do those reflections of the surrounding objects repose upon that unruined mirror, and to what mental reflections do these objects give birth! I may here read the account of some of the most important transactions of our national history, and people the scenes before me, with the ideal persons of those who figured in them! If I can only be lucky enough to get a few recruits here now, to save my character for professional activity, and to satisfy my superiors, I could be well contented to stay here for any given length of time. What!" cried I again, "music too!—ay, and if I mistake not, that most beautiful and plaintive of our Scottish melodies, 'the Flowers of the Forest.' How romantic!" I listened for a few bars, and then discovered that the tune was chimed by the bells of an old-fashioned musical clock in that which was destined to be my bedroom. I was charmed. I hastened to close my bargain for a full week, with a very decent but anxious-faced elderly woman, in a widow's weeds, who declared herself to be the landlady, and whose rather sad features brightened up when she found that I had really resolved to become her lodger; and, rushing out of the house to catch, ere they fled, the last rays of the sinking sun, I wandered about in ecstasy until long after it was dark.

I had no sooner returned than I ordered in my frugal supper, sent for my sergeant and corporal, and gave them some stronger injunctions than I had ever given them before. I showed them, what was true, that little lay in the power of the officer, and much in that of the party. I pointed out to them how much it was their interest to do all they honestly could to get recruits; and I more than hinted that I should not unwillingly come down with certain private aid from my own pocket, to remove the opprobrium that now hung over us. The eloquence of Caesar could not have more stirred up his tenth legion than my eloquence did my men; their protestations were large, and the very clank of their retreating heels seemed to me to speak of a perfect regiment of young soldiers.

Somewhat fatigued with the occurrences of the day, I now retired to my bedroom. My bed was humble in appearance, but it was clean, and sufficiently comfortable for one of my profession; and I was soon in too deep a sleep to hear even the dropping notes which fell from the bells of the old-fashioned clock, which stood at the foot of my bed. I slept till a later hour in the morning than I usually allowed myself to indulge in, for I had for some time accustomed myself to rise betimes to pursue my studies. On this occasion my senses returned to me in that very gradual manner which leads the half-awakened spirit, in its progress toward perfect consciousness, through a number of visions, which, though the actual time consumed in them may be in reality short, gives to the soul an apparent lifetime of fancied existence. Amidst the many changes which my dreams underwent, I at last fancied myself at the court of Holyrood during the time of our Scottish Queen Mary. I was honoured by her attention; I was basking in the sunshine of her beauty; I was treated like a prince; I partook of her gay hunting and hawking parties; I rode by her bridle rein; I led the ball with her; and I made one in her most private circles, where none were admitted but her Maries, and Rizzio, who sat there to obey her commands by making the harmonious strings give ready obedience to his sweeping fingers; I was seated by the beautiful queen; Rizzio was touching the melodious chords in a wild extemporaneous symphony, and, as I strained my attention to catch up its import, I gradually awoke, and heard the musical clock at the foot of my bed beginning to play over, for the second time, the first measure of the Flowers of the Forest. Tink—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel. "Pshaw!" said I to myself, "is that all?" I shut my eyes, and would have fain recalled the delicious vision which had fled from me. But my efforts were vain; and as I lay repining, the tinkling bells of the old clock went on to play the second measure of the tune. But, alas, age had made a dreadful derangement in the notes that composed it. Time, who is famous for making war against teeth of all kinds, had made sad havoc with the teeth of some of the wheels of the machine. On went the clock for a bar or two, the notes maintaining their perfect musical sequence; when, all at once, there was a wide gap that gave no sound; then a note or two, and then another gap; and so on it went, overleaping the bars every now and then as a fox-hunter would do those he meets with in the heat of the chase. It galled me exceedingly, but I made the most of it by picking in the bits of the tune very loudly, by whistling so as to patch it up in some sort; and so I got through with it for that bout; after which I returned to Queen Mary, and lay thinking of her and the happy visions I had had, till *burr—r!* I went the warning of the clock. "What, again?" cried I, starting bolt upright in bed. "Oh, impossible!" But it was possible. A quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the sweet melodious jingle of the bells of the clock was regularly repeated every quarter of an hour; so up

again it struck the Flowers of the Forest—tink—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel. I sprang out of bed, and proceeded to dress myself with all manner of expedition, whistling loudly all the time; and when we came to the fences in the second measure, I took all the leaps with all the readiness of the most experienced follower of the hounds, and with no other accident than a severe cut in my chin from what was sold to me at Sheffield as a hunting razor. The second measure came to an end to be sure, but the clock played the whole tune so very slowly, that, beginning as it did at any given quarter of an hour, a considerable portion of that period had elapsed ere it had finished; so that, in a very few minutes, it was again called upon by the *burr—r!* of the warning to recommence. But the indefatigable clock, with its tink—tinkel—tinkel—tinkel, snapped the chain of my ideas at every link. I was distracted; I paced up and down the floor of my sitting-room in absolute despair, till at last I bethought me of ringing for my landlady, and prevailing on her to stop the clock. The lady came. I stated my grievance; she heard me, and her eyes filled with tears. Extremely excited, I anxiously inquired the cause, and learned that the clock had been so great a favourite of her deceased husband, that she had not the heart to put it to silence. I found it was the most tender subject I could touch upon with her. The clock was as it were her household god; and it was a matter of conscience with her to keep it duly wound up, so that any further remonstrance on my part would have been cruel as well as useless.

Seizing my hat and stick, I resolved to abandon study for the day, and to take a long walk; and I returned late in the evening, pretty well tired, and so hungry, as to have forgotten all about the Flowers of the Forest. I was so famished, indeed, that I sat down to my beef-steak, and became so intensely engaged with it, that I believe the industrious clock played its tune even more than once without its being in the least regarded by me; and drowsiness coming quickly on me, I retired to my bedroom, and hastily prepared for repose, and, extinguishing my candle, jumped into bed. I need hardly mention, that no sooner was I about to drop into a slumber, than the same horrid tinkling commenced, and at once drove sleep from my pillow; and, to shorten my tale, I may at once say that I lay tossing and tumbling without a moment's repose, heard every chime of every bell in the indefatigable old clock, and never closed an eye, nor had one wink of slumber, all that weary night.

The light of dawn had no sooner appeared than I arose for the purpose of resting myself, and hurried out to allay my feverish feelings, by exposing myself to the cooling zephyrs of the morning. I took a long stretch of a walk; and as I was on my way home, I stopped to loiter for a little about the ancient ruins. There I was accosted by a stout ruddy-faced man who saluted me, whom I quickly recognised to be a shopkeeper and magistrate of the town, with whom I had had a slight acquaintance when I was formerly there with the regiment. After a little conversation, he expressed his regret that I had not come to lodge at his house in the High Street, well known to be the best lodging in the town; and he so liberally offered his handsome apartments to me at my own price, that, having the tink tinkel of the old clock in my head, I at once resolved to accept of them. I hastened home, therefore, and, after dispatching my breakfast, I sent for my landlady, and communicated my change of plan to her in as delicate a manner as I could. The poor woman's countenance fell sadly; but having paid her for my week's lodging, I begged of her to accept of a little present to show my good will, and we parted very good friends.

Being now fairly installed in my new lodgings, in the centre of the main street of the town, I could no longer command that privacy which I had been so desirous of courting. The little burgh is remarkable for its hospitality; and as I had been already known to some of its inhabitants during the time I was there with my corps, I was soon waited upon by all the best people of the place; and a course of invitations and consequent feastings followed, that sorely interrupted my studies. It was a difficult thing in those days to start two or three of these jolly fellows from a bowl of punch when they were once set heartily around it; and the consequence was, that what are called in Scotland the small hours, generally beheld me returning to bed from such meetings. As I had no parade to go to, and was my own commanding officer, I would have made up in the morning for the sleep I sacrificed at night. But, alas! although I had now got rid of the tink, tinkel, tinkel, tinkel, of the clock, all sleep was banished from my eyes by five or six o'clock at latest, by the ceaseless hammer of an active fellow of a coppersmith who lived in the lower story of the adjacent house. The large copper cauldrons he made were generally placed in the street opposite his own door, and there he would thunder away with a noise that rivalled big Tom of Lincoln, and which was enough to have waked the whole inhabitants of the street, let alone a poor fellow like me, who was lying, as I may say, immediately over him. To think of sleep after five or six o'clock, therefore, was altogether hopeless; and many a delightful morning saunter with my book did I thus unwillingly owe to the indefatigable coppersmith.

I had now been some weeks in my new quarters, without any appearance of more success in recruiting than I had had in that where I was previously

stationed, when one afternoon, as I had just finished an early and solitary dinner, my servant came in to tell me that my sergeant wished to see me. There was a twinkle in the man's eye as he delivered the message, and there was a still brighter sparkle in those of the sergeant when he was ordered to enter, and I don't say that there was not a certain degree of sudden illumination in mine too, when Sergeant Baird, after duly saluting me with hand properly extended, and then drawn in and applied to his military hat, so as to form a sort of horizontal shade over his brow, joyously said, "A recruit, your honour!" "A recruit!" cried I, with as much astonishment as if he had talked of a crocodile; "a recruit! where is he?" "Out here, your honour," replied the sergeant; "shall I parade him?" "To be sure," cried I; "let me see him instantly." The sergeant saluted, disappeared like an apparition, and speedily returned with the corporal and the recruit. And who, think ye, gentle reader, was the recruit? If my eyes sparkled at all at the mere intelligence that I was at last to have a recruit, conceive, if you can, what was my satisfaction, when I discovered that the said recruit was no other than the very man against whom I had so great a cause of grudge—Alexander the coppersmith himself!

Alexander and his wife had had a small family quarrel. In pet and dudgeon he had abandoned his own coppers, and had joined some jovial companions, with whom he was now and then went to have a lark, to spend the day in imbibing some comforting compositions which were heated from the kettle of a certain Lucky Murray, who kept a public-house, where he and his friends occasionally resorted to refresh themselves, and to give them courage to meet the storms that were sometimes brewed at home. Alexander, though very far from being what is vulgarly called drunk, was so far pot valiant as to have been converted from Alexander the Coppersmith into Alexander the Great. His indignation at woman's government had been brought to the boiling point by Lucky Murray's bubbling kettle, until it began to distil a powerful warlike spirit within him. He had no children, so that he had no tie to cut but one, and that was one which, at the present moment, it gave him little uneasiness to sever. My sergeant came in at this critical instant. He was invited to join the party. And he had not long descended on the glories of a soldier's career, when the coppersmith gripped his hand as he would have done the handle of his largest hammer, and declared himself quite ready to join the gallant corps to which the orator belonged. My questions to Alexander were few. He drank the health of George III. in a glass of particularly fine old port, and, that nothing might be wrong, I sent to the inn for a post chaise to carry him, at my own expense, to Edinburgh, to be inspected and passed; and Alexander—now the Great—having got into it, with the sergeant and corporal, drove off from the door, cheering defiance at his indignant better half, who was then looking coolly from the window, in much too proud a humour to show the slightest symptom of emotion.

They were no sooner fairly off, than, filling a bumper, I joyously drank it off to the inward toast of the British Grenadiers; and, laughing heartily at the happy accident which had occurred to me, I hastened to dress, in order to go out to one of those honest substantial burglar supper parties to which I was almost nightly invited; and as I walked to the house of my host, I inwardly chuckled at the thought that I need not be so particular in my hours-to-night, as I could to-morrow count upon undisturbed repose. Full of the triumph which I had had over Alexander the coppersmith, I exerted all my talents for humour to give the story to an unusually large party which I met, and I succeeded in keeping them for some time in a roar of laughter with my ludicrous narration of the circumstances. I did give myself a more than ordinary licence that night, and at a very late hour indeed, I went home to my lodgings, and put myself comfortably to bed, with strict injunctions to my servant, that I was on no account to be disturbed till I should ring my bell. "Now for a sound sleep at last," said I, as I covered myself up like a dormouse, and in one instant I was in the land of forgetfulness.

I cannot say how long I had slept; the time certainly appeared to me to be somewhat less than an hour, when I began to dream that I was in a battle. It was a hot one, and the cannonading was tremendous. My captain of the grenadiers was hit by a ball that absolutely dispersed him in powder before my eyes. I, as the elder lieutenant, firmly stepped into his place, and the word being given to advance, I led on the company. The front-rank man next to me was my friend Alexander the Great. He now well deserved that appellation, for he had grown much taller and stouter, and he appeared to me to be the most powerful man in the whole line. He advanced with a steadiness and determination that made me proud of my recruit; I exulted in him. The thunder of the cannonade increased; it became so loud at last that it awaked me; I lay stupified and confounded for a moment. The thunder of the cannon was no other than the thunder of a large hammer on the side of a huge copper cauldron. I rubbed my eyes for a moment; I listened; I jumped out of bed, and, rushing to the window, threw up the sash and stretched out my nightcap head as if I would have leaped into the street with anxiety to see what was passing below. What was my astonishment and dismay when I beheld, in the interior of a large copper vessel, and

working away with the fury of a Cyclop, the very identical man, Alexander the coppersmith!! I stared as if I had beheld an apparition. The eyes of Alexander happened to turn up at that moment. "A braw morning this, sir," said he. I could not reply, but, drawing in my head, and slapping down the window, I proceeded to the bell-rope, which I pulled with an energy and perseverance that speedily brought my servant to me in his shirt. A single question satisfied me as to the truth. Alexander, though he had passed in all respects as a sound healthy man, was found to be just the fifth part of an inch below the standard height, and so he had been rejected by the inspecting field-officer. Thus was I at once deprived of the honour of sending a recruit, and exposed to a renewal of all the torment from which, for a moment, I had supposed myself free.

And so, for the present, must my recollections terminate. It is not impossible that, on some other occasion, I may be tempted to renew them.

ADVENTURE OF A QUAKER VESSEL.

THE principle upheld by the Society of Friends, that armed violence must upon no account be employed, is usually looked upon as well enough for a profession among a few, who are protected in most matters by the opposite system upheld by the many, but as totally unfit to be acted upon in practical affairs. We dare say the common opinion is right in the main; yet it is a doctrine to which we have a warm side, and we therefore have been much pleased to find that it was, at least on one occasion, acted upon beneficially. In the reign of Charles II., a Quaker merchant vessel, with a master and mate of that persuasion, but manned by ordinary persons, was returning from Venice, when it was taken by a band of Turkish pirates. To pursue a narrative, quoted in Mr Hunt's Indicator from Sewell's History of the Quakers—

The second night after, the captain of the Turks, and one of his company, being gone to sleep in the cabin with the master, the mate [whose name was Thomas Lurting] persuaded one to lie in his cabin, and about an hour after another in another cabin; and at last, it raining very much, he persuaded them all to lie down and sleep; and when they were all asleep, he coming to them, fairly got their arms into his possession. This being done, he told his men, "Now we have the Turks at our command, no man shall hurt any of them, for if ye do, I will be against you; but this we will do, now they are under deck, we will keep them so, and go for Majorca." Now, having ordered some to keep the doors, they steered their course to Majorca, and they had such a strong gale, that in the morning they were near it. Then he ordered his men, if any offered to come out, not to let above one or two at a time; and when one came out, expecting to have seen his own country, he was not a little astonished instead thereof to see Majorca. Then the mate said to his men, "Be careful of the door, for when he goes in, we shall see what they will do; but have a care not to spill blood." The Turk being gone down, and telling his comrades what he had seen, and how they were going to Majorca, they, instead of rising, all fell a-crying, for their courage was quite sunk; and they begged "that they might not be sold." This the mate promised them, and said, "They should not." And when he had appeased them, he went into the cabin to the master, who knew nothing of what was done, and gave him an account of the sudden change, and how they had overcome the Turks. Which, when he understood, he told their captain, "That the vessel was now no more in their possession, but in his again; and that they were going for Majorca." At this unexpected news the captain wept, and desired the master not to sell him; which he promised he would not. Then they told him, also, they would make a place to hide them in, that the Spaniards* coming aboard should not find them. And so they did accordingly, at which the Turks were very glad. Being come into the port of Majorca, the master, with four men, went ashore, and left the mate on board with ten Turks. The master having done his business, returned on board, not taking licence, lest the Spaniards should come and see the Turks; but another English master, being an acquaintance, lying there also with his ship, came at night on board; and after some discourse, they told him what they had done, under promise of silence, lest the Spaniards should come and take away the Turks. But he broke his promise, and would have had two or three of the Turks to have brought them to England. His design then being seen, his demand was denied; and seeing he could not prevail, he said to Pattison and his mate, "That they were fools, because they would not sell the Turks, which were each worth two or three hundred pieces of eight. But they told him, 'That if they would give many thousands, they should not have one, for they hoped to send them home again; and to sell them,' the mate said, 'he would not have done for the whole island.' The other master then coming ashore, told the Spaniards what he knew of this, who then threatened to take away the Turks. But Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out the Turks, and said to them, 'Ye must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us.' To this the Turks, as one may easily guess, were very ready, and so they quickly got out to sea; and the English, to save the Turks, put themselves to the hazard of being overcome again; for they continued hovering several days, because they would not put into any port of Spain, for fear of losing the Turks, to whom they gave liberty for four or five days, until they made an attempt to rise; which the mate perceiving, he prevented, without hurting any of them, though he once laid hold of one. Yet generally he was so kind to them, that some of his men grumbled, and said, 'He had more

care for the Turks than for them." To which his answer was, "They were strangers, and therefore he must treat them well." At length, after several occurrences, the mate told the master, "That he thought it best to go to the coasts of Barbary, because they were then like to miss their men of war." To this the master consented. However, to deceive the Turks, they sailed to and fro for several days; for in the day-time they were for going to Algiers, but when night came, they steered the contrary way, and went back again, by which means they kept the Turks in ignorance, so as to be quiet.

But on the ninth day, being all upon deck, when none of the English were there but the master, his mate, and the man at the helm, they began to be so untoward and haughty, that it rose in the mate's mind, "What if they should lay hold on the master, and cast him overboard?" for they were ten lusty men, and he but a little man. This thought struck him with terror; but recollecting himself, he stamped with his foot, and the men coming up, one asked for the crow, and another for the axe, to fall on the Turks; but the mate bade them not to hurt the Turks, and said, "I will lay hold on their captain;" which he did: for having heard them threaten the master, he stepped forward, and laying hold of the captain, said he "must go down," which he did very quietly, and all the rest followed him. Two days after, being come on the coast of Barbary, they were, according to what the Turks said, about fifty miles from Algiers, and six from land; and in the afternoon it fell calm. But how to set the Turks on shore was yet not resolved upon. The mate saw well enough, that he being the man who had begun this business, it would be his lot also to bring it to an end. He then acquainted the master that he was willing to carry the Turks on shore; but how to do this safely, he as yet knew not certainly; for to give them the boat was too dangerous, for then they might get man and arms, and so come and retake the ship with its own boat; and to carry them on shore with two or three of the ship's men, was also a great hazard, because the Turks were ten in number: and to put one-half on shore was no less dangerous; for then they might raise the country, and so surprise the English when they came with the other half. In this great strait, the mate said to the master, "If he would let him have the boat and three men to go with him, he would venture to put the Turks on shore." The master, relying perhaps on his mate's conduct, consented to the proposal, though not without some tears dropt on both sides. Yet the mate taking courage, said to the master, "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good will in venturing my life; and I have not the least fear upon me, but trust that all will do well." The master having consented, the mate called up the Turks, and going with two men and a boy in the boat, took in these ten Turks, all loose and unbound. Perhaps somebody will think this to be a very inconsiderate act of the mate, and that it would have been more prudent to have tied the Turks' hands, the rather because he had made the men promise that they should do nothing to the Turks, until he said "he could do no more;" for then he gave them liberty to act for their lives so as they judged convenient. Now, since he knew not how near he should bring the Turks ashore, and whether they should not have been necessitated to swim a little, it seemed not prudent to do any thing which might have exasperated them; for if it had fallen out so that they must have swam, then of necessity they must have been untied, which would have been dangerous. Yet the mate did not omit to be as careful as possible he could. For, calling in the captain of the Turks, he placed him first in the boat's stern; then calling for another, he placed him in his lap, and one on each side, and two more in their laps, until he had placed them all, which he did to prevent a sudden rising. He himself sat with a boat-hook in his hand on the bow of the boat, having next to him one of the ship-men, and two that rowed, having one a carpenter's adze, and the other a cooper's heading-knife. These were all the arms besides what belonged to the Turks which they had at their command. Thus the boat went off, and stood for the shore. But as they came near it, the men growing afraid, one of them cried out of a sudden, "Lord have mercy on us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore." The Turks in the boat perceiving the English to be afraid, all rose at once. But the mate, who in this great strait continued to be hearty, showed himself now to be a man of courage, and bid the men to "take up such arms as they had, but do nothing with them until he gave them leave." And then seeing that there were no men in the bushes, and that it was only an imagination, all fear was taken away from him; and his courage increasing, he thought with himself, it is better to strike a man than to cleave a man's head, and, turning the boat-hook in his hand, he struck the captain a smart blow, and bid him sit down, which he did instantly, and so did all the rest. After the boat was come so near the shore that they could easily wade, the mate bade the Turks jump out, and so they did; and because they said they were about four miles from a town, he then gave them some loaves, and other necessities. They would fain have persuaded the English to go with them ashore to a town, promising to treat them with wine, and other good things; but the mate was not so careless as freely to enter into an apparent danger, without being necessitated thereto; for, though he had some thoughts that the Turks would not have done him any evil, yet it was too hazardous thus to have yielded to the mercy of those that lived there; and therefore he very prudently rejected their invitation. The Turks seeing they could not persuade him, took their leave with signs of great kindness, and so went on shore. The English then putting the boat closer in, threw them all their arms on shore, being unwilling to keep any thing of theirs. And when the Turks got up the hill, they waved their caps at the English, and so joyfully took their last farewell. And as soon as the boat came again on board, they had a fair wind, which they had not all the while the Turks were on board. Thus Thomas Lurting saved the ship and its men; which being thus wonderfully preserved, returned to England

with a prosperous wind. Now, before the vessel arrived at London, the news of this extraordinary case was come thither; and when she was coming up the Thames, the King, with the Duke of York and several Lords, being at Greenwich, it was told him there was a Quaker's ketch coming up the river that had been taken by the Turks, and redeemed themselves without fighting. The King hearing this, came with his barge to the ship's side, and, holding the entering-rope in his hand, he understood from the mate's own mouth, how the thing had happened. But when he heard him say, how they had let the Turks go free, he said to the master, "You have done like a fool, for you might have had good gain for them;" and to the mate he said, "You should have brought the Turks to me." But the mate answered, "I thought it better for them to be in their own country."

QUEEN ANNE'S FARTHING.

This coinage is the subject of a fable almost universally believed throughout the empire. It is supposed there never were more struck than three, the die breaking at the third, and consequently that a Queen Anne farthing is, from extreme rarity, the most valuable coin in existence. How this notion should have been impressed at first, and since become so prevalent, is incomprehensible. In reality, there were seven coinages of farthings in Anne's reign, and the numbers of each were by no means small, though only one was designed for general circulation. Specimens of all these may be seen in the British Museum, and a collector in London possesses from fifteen to twenty of that designed for circulation. On one, dated 1713, there is a figure of Peace in her car, with the inscription *Pax Missa Per Orbem*—Peace sent throughout the world—no doubt a boast meant by her majesty's unpopular ministry to brazen out the ignominy which they incurred by the settlement of affairs at Utrecht. In consequence of the prevailing belief, it often happens that a poor peasant in some remote part of the country, who has chanced to obtain a Queen Anne farthing, sets off with it to London, in the hope of making his fortune by selling it. Even from Ireland, journeys of this kind are sometimes undertaken: on one occasion, a man and his wife travelled thence to London with a Queen Anne farthing. It is needless to say that these poor people are invariably disappointed, the ordinary farthing of this sovereign being only worth about seven shillings to a collector. Mr Till, the medallist, mentions in his work on the Roman Denarius,* that he has only heard one origin assigned to the superstition. Many years since, a lady of Yorkshire, having lost a Queen Anne farthing, which, for some particular reason, had a great value in her eyes, advertised for it, offering a considerable reward for its recovery. The vulgar readily transmuted the sentimental into an absolute value, and, as usual, soon conceived a reason in fact for what was nothing but a fallacy of their own understandings.

ANTIQUITY OF THE PENNY.

The Penny is a coin of vast antiquity. Its familiar copper shape, as may be generally known, is a comparatively modern alteration of the silver form in which it was known to our forefathers. In the curious, though whimsical little work, above mentioned, the silver penny is shown to be derived from the Greek *Drachma of Egeia*, which has been traced to a date six hundred years antecedent to the Christian era. The Drachma was afterwards coined, not only in Greece, but in Sicily, Syria, and Persia. The same coin, under the name of *Denarius*, was struck by the high consular families during the Roman Republic, and by the Emperors. The author of the work just quoted states, that it must have been a Denarius of Tiberius, to which Christ drew the attention of the Jews when answering their question as to the lawfulness of paying tribute. [He also mentions a very interesting circumstance respecting the Aureus or larger gold coin of the Roman emperors—namely, that, in 685, under Justinian II., one was struck with a head of Christ, giving him the usual placid countenance, with a full round forehead, and ringlets hanging down each side of the face, and the beard parted below in the middle.] From Rome, the Denarius was transferred to Saxon England, in 750, being there coined by the Kings of Kent, Mercia, and the other departments of the Heptarchy. Under the name of Penny, and comparatively rudely executed, it was kept up by the Saxon, Danish, and Norman dynasties, in succession, and was the chief coin in circulation down to the reign of John. David I. was the first king of Scotland who is known to have issued the penny. In this kingdom it continued to be coined till the reign of James IV. In the course of its existence from Roman times to the present, the penny has been gradually reduced much in bulk. In the days of the Republic it weighed from 2 pennyweights 10 grains, to 2 pennyweights 13 grains. In the reign of the Emperor Trajan, it weighed barely 2 pennyweights 2 grains. The later Emperors reduced it nearly one-half; and the earliest Saxon specimens weigh less than a pennyweight. The penny of Edward IV. was 15 grains; that of Henry VIII. 10 grains; and that of William IV. only 7 grains.

* An Essay on the Roman Denarius and English Silver Penny, &c.; by William Till, medallist, 17, Great Russell Street, London. 1837.

* Majorca was inhabited by Spaniards.

PARISIAN FORTUNE-TELLERS.

The following account of a Parisian Fortune-teller appeared a short time ago in various newspapers:—

"A clerk in one of the French offices of police was some years ago appointed to superintend the legal proceedings instituted against a fortune-teller. The inquiry furnished him with some curious information concerning the general principles on which the art is founded; he discovered that upon the whole it was merely a calculation of probabilities, which, if managed adroitly, might become susceptible of successful application; and he thought it would be an excellent thing to turn conjuror himself. He began by dividing the workable matter, namely, public credulity, into its two sexes, its four ages, into married and unmarried, masters and servants, clergy and laity, nobles and commoners, &c. He then set down the general accidents common to all classes, the special accidents more common in each, and, finally, the more rare and individual accidents. He thus acquired a mass of about four thousand of the accidents of human life, which are constantly occurring—it must be confessed, a tolerably good foundation to tell fortunes on.

Whilst he was thus studying the theory of the art, he devoted himself to the practice of a branch no less important; he observed physiognomy, fixed names in his recollection, introduced himself into parties of every description, endeavoured to sift into the secrets of families, and assumed every possible disguise; finally, when he found himself sufficiently rich in materials, and powerful in means, he opened a cabinet of necromancy. His success was prodigious; his door was besieged by females, noblemen, tradesmen, ecclesiastics, and even high prelates eagerly thronged to consult him; and with the exception of some few mischances, our conjuror had no cause to regret the resignation of his lucrative post in the police."

Fortune-telling appears to have been long a lucrative profession in Paris. Mr Walker, in his Original, gives the following anecdote and description of a person who was most successful in carrying on the trade in the French metropolis:—"A little more than sixty years since, a fortune-teller in Paris was roused from his bed at the dead of night by a loud knocking at his door. On opening it, he perceived standing before him a man muffled up in an ample cloak, with a large hat slouched over his face. 'What do you want?' said the fortune-teller, somewhat alarmed. The stranger answered sternly, 'If you are what you profess to be, you can tell me that.' 'I can tell nothing without my cards,' replied the other. They both walked in, and the fortune-teller, having shuffled his cards and laid them out, after a pause observed with a tone of deference, 'I perceive I am in the presence of an illustrious person.' 'You are right,' said the stranger; 'and now tell me what it is I wish to know.' The fortune-teller, again consulting his cards, answered, 'You wish to know whether a certain lady will have a son or a daughter.' 'Right again,' said the stranger. After another pause, the fortune-teller pronounced that the lady would have a son. On which the stranger replied, 'If that prove true, you shall receive fifty pieces of gold—if false, a good cudgelling.' A few weeks after, about the same hour and in the same manner, the stranger reappeared, and before he could speak, the fortune-teller exclaimed, 'You find I was right.' 'I do,' said the stranger; 'and I am come to keep my promise.' So saying, he produced a purse of fifty louis, and departed.

The stranger's mode of proceeding seems to have been designed to put the fortune-teller's skill to the severest test. The circumstance of his coming alone, and at such an hour, makes it probable he had not communicated his intention to any one; whilst his carefulness in concealing his person and face, and his extreme caution to afford no clue to the discovery of himself or his object by conversation, were admirably calculated to render imposition impossible. The history of the case is this. I heard it about seventeen years since from a gentleman in Paris, who learned it from Volney, the celebrated traveller in the East. Volney had it from the fortune-teller himself, who applied to him for some Syriac expressions. On being asked for what purpose he wanted them, he confessed his trade; and Volney finding him a remarkably shrewd person, inquired of him the story of his life. He said that when he was young, he had a great turn for expense, very slender means, and an inveterate repugnance to any thing like drudgery. After long puzzling himself to discover some mode of life, by which he could unite certain profit with continual amusement, he determined to set up as a fortune-teller. He commenced by taking a lodging in the obscure quarter of the Marais, and practising in a small way in that neighbourhood, where the blunders of a beginner would not be of much consequence. At the same time he never failed to be in daily attendance about the court, and spared no pains to make himself familiar with the personal appearance and private history of every person of the least note there. After two years of practice amongst the small, and of study amongst the great, he thought himself qualified to begin business on a grand scale, and having by bribery of a servant procured a proper customer, he tried his art in his new sphere with great success. His fame, and of course his gains, increased rapidly, and it was when he was in his zenith, that the adventure above related happened. He explained it thus. Whilst shuffling his cards, he purposely let two or three fall, and in rising from picking them up, he contrived to catch a sufficient glimpse of the stranger's countenance to discover that he was no less a person than the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Philippe Egalité, and the father of the present king of the French, who was actually the child in question. He took not the least notice of the discovery he had made, but pretended to ascertain the fact from the contemplation of his cards. Having overcome this difficulty, his practised acuteness made the rest easy to him. It was publicly known that the duchess was near her confinement, and he had heard the duke was anxious to have a son; he therefore confidently guessed the object of his visit, and after the manner of his tribe, hazarded the prediction which he thought would ensure him the most liberal pay. He did not expect the proposed alternative, which obliged him to be

on his guard, and he had actually only just returned from learning the news at the palace, and was scarcely in bed, when the duke arrived, whose faith must have been confirmed by the fortune-teller's anticipation of his intelligence."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS RESPECTING THE LIGHT OF A CANDLE.

The following whimsical calculation, placed before us by a friend, was designed by him as an illustration of the divisibility of matter. It appears to us to leave that question where it found it; but the calculation is in itself curious, and will scarcely fail to amuse our readers.

Some years since, as I was sitting by my fireside, I observed several of my family reading by the light of a single candle. The thought occurred—how great a portion of the light of that candle is used by those several persons reading? And then immediately a second thought—for how many persons does that candle furnish light sufficient to enable them to read, provided it could be so distributed that the whole should be used for that purpose, without any loss? The candle was rather a large one, and gave a very clear bright light. I found, on trial, that I could read very well with my book at the distance of three feet from the candle, and with my eyes nine inches from the book. The candle, then, would illuminate the concave surface of a sphere of three feet radius, sufficiently for the purpose of reading. By measuring, I found that the book I made use of, contained on an average twenty letters to an inch, and ten lines to an inch, and, consequently, that four hundred letters would be contained in a square inch. A concave sphere, then, of six feet diameter, would contain six millions five hundred and fourteen thousand four hundred letters. This number of letters the candle would illuminate, so that each would be distinctly visible to an eye at the distance of nine inches.

Again, the light reflected from a single letter would render that letter visible to the eye at this distance, not in one direction only, but to an eye placed anywhere in the concave surface of a hemisphere of nine inches radius. To how many eyes, then, is the light reflected from one letter sufficient to render it visible?

I supposed the pupil of the eye to be an eighth of an inch in diameter, which is probably near the truth. On this supposition, the surface of a hemisphere of nine inches radius, is equal to the pupils of forty-one thousand four hundred and sixty-five eyes; or to half this number of pairs of eyes, the light reflected from a single letter is sufficient to render that letter distinctly visible. But here it may be objected, and it is true, that to an eye placed near the plane of the leaf, a sufficiency of light would not be reflected. But it is also unquestionably true, that not half of the light which falls upon the leaf, is reflected. The light, therefore, which is absorbed, would much more than compensate for this deficiency.

Now, the light which falls upon a single letter being sufficient to render it visible to 20,732 pairs of eyes, and the number of letters to the concave surface of a sphere of three feet radius being 6,514,400, the light which falls upon all these letters is sufficient for 135,056,540,800 pairs of eyes; or the light of one candle, would not a particle be lost, and the whole be so distributed that each should receive his equal portion, is sufficient to enable 135,056,540,800 persons to read at the same time. If our earth contains 900,000,000 of inhabitants, and that, I believe, is the highest supposition ever made, the light of one candle is more than sufficient to enable all the inhabitants of one hundred and fifty such worlds to be reading at the same instant. This conclusion, I am aware, will appear to many, perhaps to most, altogether incredible. But any one possessing a moderate share of mathematical knowledge, may in a short time satisfy himself, that, rejecting fractions, it is rigidly exact.

NAMING OF PLACES.

SOME time ago, we referred to the ridiculous practice prevalent in America, of naming places after European cities, and also from mean incidents, instead of preserving the fine sonorous Indian appellations. This subject has at length attracted attention in America, as will be perceived from the following notice, which we quote from a Transatlantic print:—"The new state of Michigan has passed a sensible law. Its object is to preserve the noble and harmonious old Indian names, which have been given to every river and lake, and forest and mountain, in the country, and which, by a most execrable taste, have in many instances been displaced by the hackneyed names of European cities, or of distinguished men. The law provides that no town shall be named after any other place or after any man, without first obtaining the consent of the legislature. The consequence is, that Michigan is destitute of London, Paris, and Amsterdam; unlike either of her sister states, she boasts neither Thebes, Palmyra, Carthage, nor Troy. No collection of log-huts, with half a dozen grocery stores, has been honoured with the appellation of Liverpool; nor has any embryo city, with a college or an academy, in contemplation, received the appropriate name of Athens. She is the only state that has not a Moscow and a Morocco, in the same latitude; and an Edinburgh and an Alexandria within thirty miles of each other. Babylon, Sparta, and Corinth, though

they have been transplanted to every other part of the Union, are destined never to flourish on the soil of Michigan. No Franklin or Greene or Jefferson, which would make the five hundredth, no Washington, which would make the ten thousandth of the same name, is to be found in her borders. On the contrary, her rivers and lakes still retain the full, rich, swelling names which were bestowed upon them by the red men of the forests, and her towns bear the names of the sturdy chiefs who once battled or hunted in their streets. Strange, when we have such a noble nomenclature as the Indians have left us, that we should copy from the worn-out names of ancient cities, and which awake no feelings but ridicule, by the contrast between the old and the new. Mohawk, Massasoit, Ontario, Erie, how infinitely superior to Paris, London, Fishville, Butternut, Bungtown, &c. The feeling which prompts us to perpetuate the names of our revolutionary heroes by naming towns after them, is highly honourable; but it should not be forgotten that frequent repetition (especially in cases where the town is utterly unworthy of its namesake) renders the name vulgar and ridiculous. It seems that, not content with driving the Indians from the soil, we are anxious to obliterate every trace of their existence. We are glad to see a better taste beginning to prevail upon this subject, and we hope that the example of Michigan will be followed, if not by legal enactments, at least by the force of public opinion."

It is not unworthy of remark, that, in thus adopting the Indian names, the people of Michigan are at length only returning to the principle on which our own British names of places have originated. Almost every lake, river, hill, and valley, as well as nearly all the towns and villages, of England, Ireland, and Scotland, bear names derived from the Celtic language; in other words, retain the descriptive appellations bestowed upon them by our aborigines. A few exceptions, such as Londonderry, Campbellton, Robin Hood's Bay, Portobello, &c. can alone be pointed out. When upon this subject, we may also advert to the false taste or no taste at all which presides over the naming of streets in the most of British cities. Here a servile obsequiousness to royalty—a totally different feeling, we contend, from a rational respect for the authorities of the land—dictates such endless repetitions of the words George, Charlotte, Hanover, Brunswick, Coburg, Claremont, and so forth, as is altogether intolerable. Such appellations as Lord John Russell Place, and Earl Grey Terrace, are not a whit more agreeable to either eye or ear. In France, the names of her great men, and great victories, are commemorated in this manner, and a stranger cannot enter the Rue Montesquieu, or the Place Cornille, without a pleasing emotion of homage to those illustrious persons, and a cordial approbation of the national feeling which has caused them to be thus recorded. But here, where greatness out of scarlet or blue, or separate from artificial rank, is an idea which neither high nor low seem able to form, we have not, as far as the present writer is aware, a single street in any city of the empire named after a man of either science or literature.

INFLUENCE OF WEALTH ON SOCIETY.

The acquisition of wealth is not necessary merely because it affords the means of subsistence, but because, without it, society must remain in a state of comparative barbarism. This may be easily demonstrated. Where the mind is constantly occupied in providing for the immediate wants of the body, in other words, where wealth has not been amassed, no leisure remains for its culture; the intellectual part of our nature is neglected in the all-engrossing care of providing for its animal wants. The people are mere hewers of wood and drawers of water; and their views, sentiments, and feelings, become consequently contracted, selfish, and sordid. Hence the acquisition of wealth is not desirable merely as the means of procuring direct and immediate gratifications, but as being indispensable necessary to the advancement of society in civilisation and refinement. Without the tranquillity and leisure afforded by the possession of wealth, those speculative and elegant studies which expand our views, purify our taste, and raise us higher in the scale of being, can never be successfully prosecuted. It is certain that the comparative barbarism and refinement of nations depend more upon the comparative amount of their wealth than upon any other circumstance. A poor people are never refined, nor a rich people ever barbarous.—*M'Calloch.*

A GOOD SALESMAN.

A vender of buttons, buckles, and other small wares, who occupied a small shop at the head of the street in Glasgow, in which, erewhile, the notable Bailie Jarvie domiciled, noticed a country lout standing at his window one day, with an undecided kind of wanting-to-buy expression on his face, and inquired whether they had "any pistols to sell?" The shopman had long studied the counter-logic of endeavouring to persuade a customer to buy what you may have on sale, rather than what the customer may ask for. "Man," said he, "what wad be the use o' a pistol to you?—I am yeoursel an' maybe some ither body wi't! You should buy a flute; see, there's ane, an' it's no sae dear as a pistol; just stop an' open, finger about, thae sax wee holes, and blaw in at the big ane, and ye can hae one tune ye like after a wee while's practice; besides, ye'll maybe blaw a tune into the heart o' some blythe lassie that'll bring to ye the worth o' a thousand pistols or German flutes either." "Man," said the simpleton, "I'm glad that I've met wi' ye the day—just tie't up," and, paying down the price asked, and bidding good day, with a significant nod of the head, remarked, "It'll no be my faul gye ye an opportunity of riding the broome at my waddin', sin' ye hae learned me to be my ain piper."—*Laird of Logan.*

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